

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

—AMUSEMENTS—

Street Cars at the door after each performance

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 23.

First appearance in Wichita of the

BIJOU COMEDY CO.

Comprising the following well-known people:

MISS LIBBIE ARNOLD.

Mr. and Mrs. Evans, Mr. and Mrs. Evans, Miss Lane D.

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"THE BOY WHO MINDS HIS MOTHER."

Boys, just listen for a moment

To a word I have to say:

Manhood's gates are just before you,

Draw near every day;

But in mind while you are passing

Over the intervening span

That the boy who minds his mother

Seldom makes a wicked man.

There are many slips and failures

In this world we're living in;

Those who start with prospects fairest

Are evermore by sin;

But I'm certain that you'll notice,

If the facts you'll closely scan,

That the boy who minds his mother

Seldom makes a wicked man.

Then be guided by her counsel;

It will never lead astray.

Best assured she has your welfare

In her thoughts by night and day.

Don't forget that she has loved you

Since the day your life began.

Ah, the boy who minds his mother

Seldom makes a wicked man.

—Yankee Blade.

THE END OF THE WORLD.

I stood on a high cliff. Twenty feet

before me a perpendicular wall of rock

went down, down, a veritable "jumping

off place." Till it seemed one would have

to look twice to see the bottom, where

the waters of the harbor splashed against

the bow.

Today the bay was smooth as polished

glass, save where the vessels coming in

from the sea, through the strait opposite

the point where I stood, left a ripple and

a line of foam behind, like a flaw in the

crystal.

The great city lay to the left of the

strait. The burning midsummer sun,

shining from a cloudless sky, was reflected

by a hundred thousand chimneys and

roof tops, and the images of the high

buildings and the myriad vessels an-

chored in the harbor made the scene

more like a mirage than reality.

So far above the city was my point of

observation that not a sound, not even a

murmur of the bustle and noise attend-

ant upon its activity, reached my ears,

though through the clear atmosphere I

could distinguish moving objects as in a

camera obscura.

From the bay, too, although many

vessels—huge ocean steamers, ferryboats

and yachts—were moving about, I heard

only one sound, the interminable "puf-

puf-puf" of a little tugboat which rapidly

threaded its aimless way among the

other craft. So monotonous indeed did

this sound become that I turned my eyes

from the water and looked around at

neighboring objects.

In a clear space in the midst of the

trees stood a white building, its gable toward

me, which reminded me at first glance

of nothing else so much as of the Par-

thenon as it used to be represented in

the classical dictionary. I had not noticed

this building before, and as I stood, and

wondered a troop of gayly dressed young

people came rushing out of the door and

arranged themselves in groups on the

moorish circles surrounding the trees.

At this moment my companion, who

had lagged behind me, came up, and to-

gether we went toward the gay throng.

At the city, and then nearer objects fade

into absolute nothingness.

The huge machine kept steadily press-

ing forward.

As street after street of the city melted

away the thing approached nearer and

nearer to the waters of the harbor. Tall

spires fell and mighty buildings were

swallowed up, but until touched by the

thing itself the remainder of the city

was as firm and unchanged as ever. The

cries of the dying at intervals reached

my ears, but so far distant was I that

the noise sounded more like the squeak

of a dying mouse than as if it came from

the throats of a multitude of human be-

ings.

Now the bay began to melt away.

Ship after ship, a moment ago riding

peacefully at anchor, was swallowed up,

and left not even a ripple, for the water

and the bottom of the sea were likewise

annihilated.

And now, above the ever increasing

roar of the vast black body, I heard

again the "puf-puf-puf" of the little

steam tug, and I looked and saw it

coming at full speed directly toward the

precipice on which I stood. In an in-

stant the thing had overtaken it, and as

it disappeared, with one last hopeless

scream from its whistle, like the de-

spiring wail of a lost soul, it flashed

over me what this awful catastrophe

that I had been witnessing was. It was

the end of the world!

By a mighty effort I threw myself for-

ward, clutching as I fell at a tuft of

bunch grass. Barely had I time to gasp

out "God help me!" when the awful

thing, cutting through the cliff as if it

were paper, was upon me. The earth

beneath me gave way, and I plunged

headlong down, down, into the blackest

of darkness, and then all was silent and

blank for a space.

A drop of rain on my face aroused me.

I lay in the soft grass in the middle of

a level meadow that extended on all sides

as far as I could see. The setting sun

was firing the western skies, and a few

small rain clouds scudded before the

breeze. Hither she came and found me,

and together we returned home.—Frank

P. Stockbridge in Washington Post.

Seaweed as Food.

To The Scottish Review Mr. A. H. J.

Crespi contributes an interesting article

upon strange foods. "Seaweed," says Dr.

Crespi, "is eaten on the coasts of Scot-

land and Ireland in vast quantities, and

though unpalatable and flavorless is at

times the chief food of some of the poor-

est. When dry it is richer than oatmeal

or Indian corn in nutritious constitu-

ents, and takes rank among the most

nutritious of vegetable foods. Laver is

an exception to the low estimation in

which seaweed is held, and is a favorite

condiment. We have known it eaten in

large quantities in North Devon and

with much relish.

To prepare seaweed for the table it

should be steeped in water to get rid of

the salt with which it is impregnated,

and a little carbonate of soda removes

the bitter taste, which to some palates

is most disagreeable. It should then be

steamed in milk or water till mucilag-

inous, and is best flavored with vinegar or

pepper. Fungi are almost everywhere

largely eaten, though in England less

attention is paid to them than they de-

serve, and few kinds appear at table.

A curious error is to suppose that

fungi are eatable and wholesome. Some

no such line of demarcation exists, nor,

strictly speaking, has the name

WHY SHE DIDN'T SEE IT

Illustrating the Reason Why Most Judges

Have Gray Hair.

In a case of assault and battery tried be-

fore one of the county justices the other

day a woman was called to the stand. Be-

ing asked to describe the row she began:

"About noon I was out with my daughter

Nelly, who had just got back from Iowa,

and had—

"Never mind what you said to your

daughter Nelly," interrupted the lawyer.

"But I said something to her."

"O matter."

"And she my daughter."